

*The Comickall Historie of*

*Portia.* Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

*Arag.* VVhat's here ! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,  
Presenting me a Scedule : I will reade it.

How much unlike art thou to *Portia* ?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings ?

*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fooles head ?

Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

*Por.* To offend and judge are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures. *Arag.* VVhat is here ?

*The Fire seven times tried this,*

*Seven times tryed that judgement is,*

*That did never choose amisse :*

*Some there be that shadowes kisse;*

*Such have but a shadowes blisse.*

*There be fooles alive I wis,*

*Silver'd o're, and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed,*

*I will ever be your head :*

*So be gone, you are sped.*

*Arag.* Still more foole I shall appeare

By the time I linger here :

With one fooles head I came to wooe,

But I goe away with two.

Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,

Patiently to beare my wroth.

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:

O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,

They have their wisdome by their wit to loose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresie,

Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

*Por.* Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my Lady ?

*Por.* Here, what would my Lord ?

*Mess.* Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

*the Merch*

A young Venetian, one that com  
To signifie th'approaching of hi  
From whom he bringeth sens  
To wit, (besides commends an  
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have  
So likely an Embassadour of lo  
A day in April never came so fr  
To show how costly Summer  
As this fore-spurrer comes befo

*Portia.* No more I pray thee  
Thou wilt say anone he is some  
Thou spendst such high day wi  
Come, come, *Nerrissa*, for I long  
Quicke *Cupids* Post that comes

*Nerrissa.* *Bassanio*, Lord, L  
*Solanio* and

*Solanio.* Now what newes

*Salari.* Why yet it lives the  
ship of rich lading wrackt on th  
thinke they call the place, a very  
the carcasses of many a tall ship  
Report be an honest woman of

*Solanio.* I would she were  
knapt Ginger, or made her neigh  
death of a third husband : but it  
lixity, or crossing the plain high  
*thorio*, the honest *Anthony* ; O  
keepe his name company.

*Salari.* Come, the full stop.

*Solanio.* Ha, what sayest thou,

*Salari.* I would it might pro

*Solanio.* Let me say Amen be  
prayer, for heere he comes in the  
*Shylocke*, what newes among the

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, t  
ters flight.

*Salari.* Thats certaine, I for  
made the wings she flew withall